A HARDWORKING WOMAN

all day she hurried to get through, The more us lots of witness do; Sometimes at night her husban said Sometimes at night her husban said.

"Ha, ain't you goth to come to best!"
An then she'd almies give a hisch, an passe had way believes a stitch. An serter sigh, an say that she Wan ready as she'd ever be,

She reckoned.

An so the years went, one by one, An nonethow she was never done; An when the angel said as how, "Mis' smith, it's time you rested now," She xarter raised her eyes to look A second, as a stitch she took.
"All right, I'm comin now," says she,
"I'm ready as I'il ever be, L recken."
-Albert S. Paine in Kansas City Journal.

## PEG WESSON.

m was in March, 1745, and the company raised in Gloucester to join the exlitton against Louisburg was to leave town with the rising of the morrow's sun. In the spring twilight three young men made their way, with noisy jest and song, toward a wretched cottage that stood in the outskirts of the town and rapped loudly for admittance.

The door was opened by a withered old crore. A caudle, burning on a small table, dimly revealed the blackened walls of the interior, the bunches of herbs hauging from the ceiling, a scant supply of battered pewter plates and coarse earthenware on some shelves in a corner, a few old chairs and a pack of worn and greasy cards apparently

fust flung down.
"What ye here for? Off with ye?" cried the old woman when she saw who her Visitors were.

"Oh, now, Peggy," said the tallest of the three in a wheelling tone, "we're off in the morning for Louisburg, you know, and we thought we'd pay you a farewell visit and get our fortunes told."

Til warrant ye've no siller to pay me wi', Martin Sanders," said Peggy, keeping a firm grip on the door and pushing it a little closer as she spoke.

"Here's a bright new silver sixpenc for ye," displaying it as he spoke, "and Tom and Job have more of the same sort. So now let us come in and give us a good send off."

The money proved an argument not to be gainsaid, and Peggy admitted When they were seated she took up her cards, shuffled them and proceeded to tell the young men's fortunes. Job Ayers came first, then Tom Goodwin. When Martin Sanders' turn came, and Goody Wesson crossed his palm with the coin be handed her, his imperturbable gravity, contrasted with the brepressible snickering of his companions, made her suddenly suspicious. She gave him a searching glance; then, as he was about to place the coin on the table with the others, she scrutinized it keenly and balanced it on her hand. Ayers and Goodwin giggled and moved

It against the edge of the table. It bent "Curse ye, Mart Sanders," she cried in a sudden fury; "it's lead!"

Then Martin Sanders laughed, and the

toward the door. But not the ghost of

smile passed over Martin Sanders'

face. Peg struck the coin smartly

against the base of the iron candlestick

and listened to the sound, then pressed

three, roaring with laughter at the result of their poor trick, opened the door of Goody Wesson's cot and rushed decent burial, but there is no stone bearout into the night. She run after them, brandishing her

staff and raving like a mad woman. "Curse ye, Mart Sanders!" she "curse th' three of ye, body and breath, flesh and bone! Curse ve lying down and rising up, sleeping and waking, living and dying! I'll take vengeance on ye at Louisburg!" The night wind bore the dismal threat and Its repetition to their ears and silenced their laughter as they ran down the hill to their homes in the more thickly set-

fied part of the town.

The great fleet of nearly 100 yessels. that made up the expedition against Louisburg sailed from Boston on the let day of April. Favored by wind and weather it soon reached Cape Breton, and was coasting along the shore of that bland toward its destined baven. In many of the vessels the soldiers were watching the hills and woods on shore with the interest inspired by new scenes. but every indentation of the coast was familiar to most of the Gloucester men. But the foods that are most easily for they had often been there on their fishing voyages. Their attention was autritious. Thus rice, which is more attracted to the singular movements of a solitary crow that hovered persistently above them, now and then alighting on the topmast.

As they were entering the harbor of Louisburg, Martin Sanders was sent for- it is far more easily digested than they : ward to assist in furling the jib. A rope parted suddenly under his feet and Il headlong into the sea.

The last sound that fell upon his ears before the rushing waters closed over him was the hourse screaming of the erow. A powerful current was running. and it was only with great difficulty first Sanders was rescued.

When the excitement was over, and the half drowned man was once more safe won deck the crow had disappeared. The fleet east anchor in the harbor and consilers boats took the men on shore. Before the siege could commence the cannon must be landed and placed in favorable position. It was ardness toil, for the soil was boggy and the men of len sank to the knees, but all

worked with a will and the guns, one

after another, were landed. troopiwin and Ayers, with others, were dranging a cannon on a sledge through Free Press. half frozen mind when suddenly with a whic of wings a crow alighted on it. Job Ayers made a dash at it with his cup. At the very instant that he did so the year of the siedge sank in the treachecons soil the cannon gave a sudden bards and the arm he had flong out was enught between the cannon and sledge and imprisoly crushed. The unfortagate man was carried into camp and his

arm ampointed. The work of the siege went on day after day. Furnishing parties were sent ent sometimes, for the rations were somewhat stals and monotonous, and there was excellent game in abundance In the vicinity. Sanders and Goodwin minint two of such a party one pleasant May afternoon. Often during their bonting they noticed a crew circling sent them. They were about returnbeg to comp when Goodwin, striding at your home low shrathery to search of & full our little, throat his foot into up. men district which closed around bis solds, the sharp points penetrating deep "but the fact is I am very hear today. less the float. His ery for bely was If you'll run in homorrow, very likely ! school by the "caw! caw!" of the crow. | can toll you "- Erchange.

It was with infinite difficulty that his companions released him. Pale, and half fainting with pain and loss of blood, he looked up at the crow, still near.

ders was a renowned shot and never

known to miss such a mark before! His

companions noted his failure with

amazement, and though they thought it

a poor use for good powder and shot,

another and another fired, but with the

who, lying on the grass with hastily

bandaged ankle, was looking grimly on.

'It is surely a witch, and not to be

brought down by a leaden bullet. Noth-

ing but silver will bring down a witch."

He hastily tore his silver sleeve buttons

from his wrist. He wrenched them

asunder. It was the work of a minute

to load his gan with one of the pieces.

The crow was still within gunshot. He

took deliberate aim and fired. Wounded

in the leg, it finttered downward in

lessening circles and apparently fell in

some bushes close by. But careful and prolonged search failed to discover it.

passed Peg Wesson's hut morning and

night on their way to and from their

work in the forest noticed that there was

"Peg's off on her broomstick," said

"There's ill luck for somebody some-

It was a mild and sunny May after-

noon and they were busily hewing in

the woods when they heard a faint moan-

ing. They heard it repeatedly, and at

length, following the sound, they came

upon Peg Wesson lying on the ground

and unable to get up.

How came she there? They could

have sworn that she had not passed them on the path, and who could have

made her way through the impenetrable

Though loath to touch her they helped

her to her feet. She was unable to take

a step. Her leg was broken. A rude

litter was made and she was taken

home, uttering maledictions all the way.

A doctor was called. When he ex-

amined the fracture he extracted there-

from a small piece of silver which he

When the soldiers returned from

Louisburg, victorious and jubilant at

having destroyed the hornet's nest that

had long been a torment to Gloucester,

they heard with amazement what had

befallen Peg Wesson, for in comparing

dates they found that she had fallen

with the broken leg at the very time

Sanders produced his part of the

sleeve buttons. The doctor produced

They were linked together again and

carefully preserved by Martin Sanders

and his descendants. Indeed they are kept to this day in the family for aught

I know to the contrary. They were brought out and exhibited whenever

this remarkable story was told, and it

Peg Wesson never recovered from her

injury. She died soon after and received

Poor maligned, persecuted Peggy! For

thee and such as thou there should in-

deed be, there must be, some happier

sphere where the shadows of earth may

be forgotten in the glad sunshine of hap-

Peggy's cot, untenanted after her

death, long the sport of the elements.

has fallen to decay. But if one cares to

know where it stood, its site near the

old garrison can be pointed out by any

of the older inhabitants, for this is no

tale of the imagination, but one in which

our forefathers and foremothers implic-

itly believed .- Sarah G. Duley in Bos-

Digestibility of Foods.

Calf's foot jelly, tripe and rice are the

articles of food most easily digested, the

time required for the first being only

thirty minutes, and for the other two

short fiber of the whiting, "the chicken

of the sea," makes it easily digestible.

digested are not always the most

extensively used as an article of food

than anything else, forming as it does

the principal diet of a third of the

human race, is not nearly so nutritious

as wheat or some other grains, though

more than nine-tenths of its substance

consists of starch and water, and it con-

semently forms more fat than muscle.

Direction is rather hindered by care and

worry or ill health. The process usually

occupies from two to three hours .-

Napoleon's Taliaman.

even amid exile and poverty, destined to

that throne which the prestige of his

name and his cunning coup d'état en-

abled him to reach, was not without his

superstitions. In his will he says, "With

regard to my son, let him keep as a talis-

man the seal I used to wear attached to

my watch." This talisman had no power

to turn aside the fatal spears of the

Zulus, and the young Napoleon met a

mider fate than his father's worst fears

could have imagined for him.-Detroit

Weather Wisdom

The observatory at Paris was con-

ducted on a somewhat old fashioned plan

under its late director, Admiral Monchez,

whose death was recently recorded. Al-

though a courieous man, the admiral

has no patience with modern newspapers.

which kept reporters almost constantly

running to him to "interview" him on

various astronomical and meteorological

Not long ago a reporter came to him

"I know nothing of meteorology."

answered the director of the observatory

blandly, "but might I venture to sug-

goet that perhaps it is because we have

The reporter looked aghast, but went

on quickly with his next question, "Can

"Pardon me," answered the admiral,

you give us an idea what the weather

and asked. "How do you account for the

present season being so wet?"

had so much cain?"

Leuis Napoleon, who believed himself.

one hour each. Among the fish the

ing her name in the old gravevard.

that the crow had been shot.

his. They were precisely alike.

no smoke in the chimney.

where," said another.

jungle beyond?

carefully preserved.

was very often told.

piness unknown before.

ton Transcript.

Brooklyn Eagle.

questions:

For some days the woodmen who

"That's true," cried Martin Sanders.

"It is surely a witch," cried Goodwin,

same result.

Touches all with finger cold "I believe it's a witch," he cried. "Peg Wesson, by heavens!" exclaimed All the summer that we love Sanders, recalling the witch's curse. He And the sky grows gray above; When the breeze from over bill Brings an undefia of chill, Like a fear; lifted his loaded fowling piece, took steady aim and fired. "Caw! caw! caw!" screamed the crow, derisively winging When the grass grows whithered, brown its enward way unburt. Martin San-

And the autumn storm clouds frown. When the year Passes from its middle prime To the weaker after time; When the guidenrud success To the tily's throne, and weeds Where the flowers were hefore;

With its show
Of red and gold, falls to earth—
Mother World that gave it birth—
Then, though laughing harvests bring
Time to dance and time to sing
And delight,
Still a sorrow seems to fall Like a blight For the boarders west away

AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

When the leaves of antumn die,

And the song birds southward fig: When the frust

## lu the night and didn't pay. Detroit Tribune. THE CITY BOARDER.

"She's going to take a little exercise," said Mrs. Hinkley to her husband as he came up hot and red for a drink of water from the well, and looking down the road he saw a smart, strange figure strolling along by the wayside.

"Oh, she is, is she?" responded the farmer dryly. He loosened the windlass and dropped the bucket down into the cool depths as he answered.

"And she's rigged out to kill in a sprigged muslin, jest covered with lace rufflin," went on his wife, with an aggravated envy which only a woman can feel, "and ribbons-my! no end of 'emand a big leghorn hat loaded down with flowers, and a white par'sol. If she wears them things common, what can she have for meetin, Jabez?"

Whatever wise opinion Jabez may have entertained it was lost to the world, being uttered inarticulately from the bottom of a large tin dipper.

"White shoes and stockin's, too, and a pink silk petticoat. My land! what are folks comin to? I read a piece in the paper the other day sayin they was fash'nable, but I never s'posed 'twas anything but newspaper talk. Her father must be pretty well off. She thought mebbe she'd walk up the hill to see the view. She says she's dreadful fond of nature."

'Humph?' Farmer Hinkley mopped his fevered brow. "Waal, it's lucky she's fond of it, for that's about all there is goin on round here. She wants to learn to milk." His great sunburned face shone with amusement, and he winked one blue eye under the shaggy brow that half hid it. "I guess I'll learn her with Spotty."

"Ain't Spotty the one that kicks so?" Her husband nodded.

"Wasl, you shan't do no such thing, Jabez Hinkley. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? She's real pretty spoken, and I shan't have no tricks played on her while she stays here. My! I guess if here ain't nothing wass about folks than their bein dressy they'll have to fill up the aisles in heaven with camp chairs to get 'em all in."

"Waal, I'm goin back. I guess we shall git that hay in this mornin. I loud so's I shall hear it."

"You come in right off when I ring an clean up a little. You ain't goin' to set down to the table in your shirt sleeves,

now we've got boarders." If Jabez Hinkley had been born in Paris he would have shrugged his shoulders as he walked off. But as the only world he had ever looked upon was up among the New Hampshire hills, the only expression he gave to his feelings upon the subject of dressing for dinner was to jam his dilapidated straw hat down firmly on his head and hitch up his trousers before he made his way out again into the broiling sunshine of the July day.

Mrs. Hinkley forgot all about her pies in the oven. A deeper feminine note than her housekeeping pride had been touched, and she stood under the big elm by the well gazing off persistently upon the stretch of yellow road that wound past the farm gate and up Buzzard's hill. A turning had hid the solitary walker momentarily from sight. but presently the figure appeared again, relieved jauntily against the sky, with the white parasol like a nimbus around its head. There was a coquettish, worldly air about its slender height, suggest ing forcibly the Newport Casino, or the beach at Narragansett Pier, or the fish pond at Rodick's, and a graceful ease in its languid gait which could only have been acquired on city pavements. But these were lost on the observer, whose eyes rested hungrily upon the crisp white gown invested with the indescribable something of style and distinction recognized and offered homage by every woman whatever her degree.

Poor Mrs. Hinkley had never owned a well fitting dress in her life. She had never seen one of Doucet's masterpieces

"I guess," she said to herself in astute reflection, "I guess she has her things made out."

Ah, didn't she have her things made out! Miss Mary Grinnell's poor papa could have answered for that as he filed away the hills for her summer wardrobe -an array of marvelous confections in tended to do execution at a half dozen watering places. Why, after all these expensive preparations made with gleeful anticipations, his charming daughter should have elected suddenly to spend the summer with Annt Matilda, on a Now Hampshire farm, was a mystery that this wise parent did not attempt to

He simply set it down at once as one of those things never to be revealed, like the whereabouts of the north pole and the real author of Shakespeare's plays, asked no questions, raised no objections. checked the trunks and saw the two ladies safely into the train. Aunt Matibla, with a kodak, a library of French. Schon and a small betanical press, and her nince, wearing a curious, half definnt expression, not at all unbecoming In fact, it gave her a new attraction is the sym of a young man who watched the parting from the distance emiling to himself, so if secretly amneed, and tak ing his seat in another or as the train rolled out of the station, morting and

puffing monkingly. The farmhouse was a blow to Miss Marris feelings. There had been a plain after all, and Mary cried herself to sleep emper of balled beans, and smoked her? again. But this time and cried with and soury bread, and pie and chemic | harrings - Chicago Poor.

with plenty of milk, to be sure, but mus just warm from the cow. And then the evening had settled down-the long, lonely summer evening. Aunt Matilda sat by the student lump inside absorbed in one of Gyp's novels and oblivious of mosquitoes, while Mary, strolling out-side, impered on the pinzza, while a sickly more peered at her between the with the scent of honeysuckle, came the shrill squeak of the cricket and the complaining of a whippoorwill. It was not a silence, and yet stiller than any silence could be. She cried herself to sleep by and by.

But with the morning her elastic young spirits revived. In a freak of mischief she drow out from her boxes the elaborate and very unsuitable toilet which had stirred Mrs. Hinkley's soul to its depths, and she appeared at the breakfast table as a vision of loveliness and freehness, at which the shy old farmer gazed entranced and at which Aunt Matilda cried out in severe disapproval. She coaxed and smiled and wheedled until every one grew into a good humor, and as she started off for her walk even that grim spinster relative bade her goodby with a relenting heartiness, realizing how effectively the fin de siecle figure would come into the landscapes of the kodak.

Mary walked along with the pale dust gathering on the little white shoes and the pink lining of the white parasol deepening the bloom on her dimpled cheek. Mary was trying to settle a weighty question in her mind. She knew its truthful answer well enough, but pride and stubbornness made her willfully blind.

The sun beat down fiercely upon the leghorn hat as it neared the summit of the little hill. A large oak tree crowned the height, with a seat beneath its boughs, upon which Miss Grinnell seated herself like a Watteau shepherdess. Starting up hastily she gave a cry of surprise. Before her, gazing with great, mournful eyes into her own, stood a pretty calf, apparently not at all frightened by the intrusion of a stranger upon his feeding place, and, like Mrs. Hinkley, regarding Doucet's muslin with approval. At first the city bred damsel was startled, but in a second she saw that he was fastened to an iron stake near by and that his orbit was limited. So she laid down the white parasol and began to pat the intruder on the head, talking to him the sort of nonsense with which women always address babies and animals.

He seemed quite won by these attentions, and Mary was charmed. She rose and walked about, calling him to her. He followed abediently, and she began to think seriously of buying him from the farmer to take back with her for a pet, when suddenly something sent him into a panio. He started back and ran around and around her, frightened her half out of her senses, and before she realized what was happening Mary found herself wound up tightly with the calf and the rope and the stake. At first her sense of the ridiculous got the better of her terror, and she laughed aloud at the oddity of her position. But in a moment she saw its awkwardness and hopelessness as well, and she struggled to free herself, while the poor calf, in blind bewilderment, ran to and fro, drawing the tangle tighter and making escape less possible.

want to hurry 'em up so as to take hold of the 10-acre lot tomorrow. You be bred voice behind her broke in. "Good sure and ring the dinner bell good and evening, Miss Grinnell," it said as politely as if she had been walking down Fifth avenue instead of in such an absurd plight. Ah, me! The pink lined parasol was nowhere in comparison with the blush those few words brought out. "Oh, Rob!" she cried. "Saye me! Where did you come from? Can't you

take me away from this dreadful beast? "Not until you answer me the onestion I asked you the other night. Do you think it was right to run away and leave me in the lurch as you did, with no address, and did you suppose I should not hunt you up directly? No, Mary. Come, which is it to be-ves or no? I will drive away the calf whichever it is, but you must answer me one way or the other at once."

The young man had not smiled, although the picture was funny enough to have sent a stoic into fits of laughterpoor Mary, finshed and tearful, fastened up against the stake, with her white ruffles crushed and ruined, and the innocent calf, pinioned at her side, still fastening his big, wistful eyes upon her

"Oh, Rob," she said again, "you know I meant yes all the time. We women always do when we say no." Well, they forgot all about the poor

calf. Hours later they strolled in to supper, having confided in Aunt Matilda, who bestowed a blessing upon them and announced in majestic tones to the Hinkleys the arrival of her niece's fiance. "He may be a fyansay," thought Mrs. Hinkley to herself, nedding sagely, "but

if he ain't keeping company with her I miss my guess." Somehow the supper did not strike Mary as being so dreadful that second pight. The farmer thought he had

never seen a girl so pretty before, and tried to make conversation. "Mother," he said, "what do you think! You know that calf of Spotty's that was fastened upon the hill? Waal, I vow ef the critter hadn't contrived to

git onbitched somehow or other, and there 'twas strollin round down the road. 'Longe Briggs' man fetched it back this aft'noon. Cur'ous, ain't it?" "Why, wan't you up on the hill, Miss Grinneili" asked Mr. Hinkley sud-"You didn't see nothin of the

calf, did you, while you was there? Well, it seems to me I did see one when I first reached the top, but I don't remember noticing it when I came down," said Mary, dimpling and laughing. The young man laughed too.

I guess 'twas scaret. I guess them flounces and flummay diddles scaret it." Mr. Hinkley's great bulk shook with amusement. He found himself a real Neither Hornce Walpale nor George Selwyn ever felt any greater

satisfaction in a bonmot. "I guess they did," responded Mary, and the whole table laughed again There is something contagious in reckless happiness.

That night Aunt Matilda finished Monsteur Fred by the student lamp, and Mary sat out on the plazza again. The moon possed through the pine boughs, too, but this time it wors a smile, while the refekse and the whipporwiil had tuned their penetony to a major key. Yet still there king over all the stillness which was not a stillness

THE SEA SONG.

There is no song unto the sea unknown,
With wild dance moiodles and laughter low,
Its happy ripples feelle to and fro:
With pussionate lovelays breathed in under-

It woos the quiet night; with walling moan, It sobs to clouded skies its tale of woe; With triumph song as o'er some vanquished for. It pusses on with feator locks wind blown.

And dirpes to the dying our it brings,

And strange dead marches, as with muf-Set drums, It beats on lously shores: and when night

comes,
A tender, crooning bullaby it sings.
Rocking its own unto eternal sizep.
—M. C. Gillington.

RALPH, THE ROVER.

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi, you scamp! Come back here, sir! There, he's gone! Off for two or three days' tramp again. Beg pardon, sir! I didn't see you. I was that busy callin the dog, I reckon I nearly walked over you. The matter, sir? Well, it's that dog, Ralph. You heard me call him, I dare say. A grander older fellow you couldn't find in a day's travel, but he has one bad habit. Most humans have more than that, and I ain't sure in my own mind

that he ain't human.

"The habit? Well, it's just this: He will follow every blessed old tramp as passes here, and keep followin 'em, sometimes for two or three days. He's a queer one. Did you notice him just now? Didn't see him? Well, he keeps just far enough behind the fellows so they won't drive him back, sniffin, sniffin along, and kind of castin his eye back to let me know he's hearing me, but not heedin me. Just the same way he acts every time he goes off. He'll be back all right when he does co se; and he's been acting that way ever since I've had him. 'Stolen?' Why, sir, I don't believe the one's livin could steal him or fasten him up ever so tight he couldn't get back ever since-an a right queer way I got him too.

"Is he mine? Well, yes, in one way; an then no, in another. It was a queer story anyway.
"Tell it, sir? Well, if I had time I

might. Ah, thank you, sir! A fine gentleman like you can afford to be generous. "Now, let me see! As near as I re member, it was June, two year ago, as I come down stairs rather early one

morning to light the fire for my old woman. She warn't very strong then; the youngster there was only a couple of menths old, an I was gettin the things all handy for her to get breakfast. When she come down the fire was lightin an the kettle singin-for joy of seein her, I'm thinkin. "Mollie was always a great one for

fresh air, so as soon as she saw that everythin was goin right in the kitchen she walks to the front door, turns the key an opens it. "Well, quick as a flash she came run-

nin back to me with her face kind of white an scared. "'Oh, Jim, come out here to the door!

Quick! says she. "An when I followed her blessed if don't see the rummest sight I ever did, an there I stood, starin like an ape.

"You see, these seats on the porch are rather comfor ble to sit on, an with the vines hangin over this way makes it 'most as shut in an quietlike as a bedroom; then the posts here an at the corners form good rests for the back. Well, anyhow, good or bad, right here, a-leanin back in the most uncomf blest way, was the trampiest looking tramp I ever saw, sound asleep. An on the seat beside him, with his head on the man's lap, was the dandiest setter I ever expect to see. A vallyble dog, sir, too, as I knew soon as I set eyes on him. I always know a good dog, being rather in the sportin line myself, an this was a genu-

ine Gordon setter. "Well, sir, I suppose I must have said somethin, with surprise, for to wake them up. The dog turned the solem'est eyes round to me, askin me not to make so much noise; an the man, all rags an tatters, yawned an set up. An then, seein Mollie right behind me. I'll be shot. sir, if he didn't stand up, take off his piece of a hat to her, an begin to appolergise for settin on our doorstep. he'd been 'overcome with fateek.' My eye! For the manners of him I could hardly believe he weren't a swell cove, dressed in the latest fashion, with a full blooded stepper at the gate waitin for

"I know I must have stared at him considerable, but, bless you, Mollie didn't spend no time a starin till she'd asked him into the kitchen, an when the breakfast was ready she gave him an his dog, too, a good one.

"His feet were blistered with walkin in shoes that left half of his feet outdoors an half in; an as he could scarcely take a step we made him stay with us a day or so till they got better; but he couldn't bear it, an the only reason, I think, was that he was afraid of burdenin us. But. Lord! He did as much for us as we did for him, I'll be bound. He filled the yard with kindlin's, an I believe he'd 'a' chopped all the wood in the village if Mollie hadn't seen his hands all blistered an bleedin. That give him away, sure. 'A gentleman born,' says I to myself when I see those

"Then nothin would do but Mollis must doctor an bandage them up for An while she was doin it she heard a sound like a child tryin not to ery, an he just bends down an kisses her hand, an then he says, kind of low an choked like, more like a groun than words, 'Oh, mother!' "An the way the little kid took to him

was a cantion. A mite like he was no some at all; only prokered up his face and cried when I went near him. He'd smile up in Robert's face (that was what he told us to call hunt an hold on to his finger like he was his nurse. "Now, to be sure, sir, three days don't

even much in a life, an you'll maybe. think it foolish the store we set by both man an dog before that time was record Ralph would lay down beside the baby's eradie, an pothin would move him till his master left the room; then he'd get up an shake himself, as if it was time to go, an he was goin.

Mallie said he was human, an if ever a soul gets into seanimal's body -I hear there's folks as thinks so-there was a good sunl inside of Ralph.

Yes, we all liked Raiph, an Robert even more. The fact is he was a real gentleman, that was plain enough,

see them. He never let on for one moment, though, a single word about himself but once an that was the last even-

in he was here. "The dog was sittin beside him, with his head restin on Robert's knee, when I save, kind of suddenlike:

'I bet Ralph's a very vallyble dog, Robert.

"Yes, yes, he says, sort of slow. Too vallyble, stroking Ralph's head with a lovin hand, while the dog looked at him with just as much love. Twas the humanest eyes you would ever see,

sir, "He's worth a great deal of money, he said again, after a moment's thinkin 'I am very sorry for it sometimes. Pve been in many hard straits at times, an I've been afraid-ave, afraid of myself -that I'd be tempted to sell him. Not while I was myself, old fellow, you understand, but when I was the brute I sometimes am."

By George, sir! you wouldn't believe it, I dare say, but I'd take my affydavy that dog looked up, sort of sadlike, and shook his head.

To make the story short-though, all told, it was not so very long-when we came down stairs the next morning Ralph lay on the floor guardin his master's stick, but his master wasn't nowhere round

"Tell me the dog didn't know! He knew as well as we did why it was done; that the master he loved an who loved him had left him, but he had been told to watch the stick, an with the saddest eyes an droopin he lay there all day long. An I truly believe if we hadn't got the stick away from him and burned it he'd 'a' been watchin it yet.

"An his muster? Yes, sir; goneclean gone. An we've never heard a word of him since. Ungrateful? No, sir; I don't take it so. I think be couldn't trust himself with the dog he loved, when he was himself, you see, an so he left him where he knew he'd be well taken care of. Yes, that's the way I see it anyhow. An then he got far away before the dog would quit watching that the scent was lost for poor Ralph. But he ain't never give up. Not a day, sir!
"Do? Well, there's not a tramp comes past here—an the worse looking they are the wilder he is to get after them, sniffin at their tracks, and then his tail will drop so disappointedlike, yet he'll keep on an follow 'em for a day, or maybe three days, till he gets sure he

sir, don't ask me, but dogs know a heap more than people think. "He ought 'a' been named Rover, for he's been in more different places round here than I have an always turns up all right when he's settled the matter.

ain't comin to his master, when he'll

come back. Seems to me as if he kind

of thought they might know him. How

does he find out they don't? Bless you,

"Why! ain't that him now, a-sniffin along the other road? Of course it is. Well, now, how'd he got over there, I wonder; seems as if he was scentin somethin, don't it?

"Hi, Ralph! Ralph! Ah! there he comes, a-boundin along towards us just as he used to go for his master. Looks as if he thought he could find him, sure. See, now! Ain't be a beauty? "Here, Ralph! Good old fellow! Come

here, sir! Eh! What! Straight for you. sir, he's gone, without a look for me! All over you in a minute! A fine gentleman like you! What! you, you, sir! Robert! Great Scott! An Ralph knew you! Well, well: I give in. Dogs is human!"-M. Warren Hale in Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Cyclone in Mauritius. After 11 a. m. the velocity of the wind increased, being at 1 p. m. at the rate of 96.5 miles an hour, and at 1:20 at the rate of 104 miles. But from 1:25 to hour at 2:33 p. m. It then began to increase again, and at 3:47 p. m. was at soon began to abate, being at the rate of 73 miles at 5:20 p. m., 60 miles at 6 p. the loveliest thing on earth."-Detroit m., 47 miles at 7 p. m. and 26 miles at 9 p. m. By this time the weather was fine, the sky partially clear, and here and there stars were shining brightly.

It may be stated also that from the 25th to the 29th there were from five to six groups of sun spots, indicating a considerable increase of solar activity, and that from the 25th to the 28th there were large magnetic disturbances, the portion of the sun's disk on which there was a very large group of spots on Feb. 12 being again on or near the sun's central meridian. - Nature.

challenged, to know just what one is desired to say. Mahlstick is a painter; he has a work on the easel, and he stands before it with a despairing clutch of his hair.

"What do you think of it? If you knew how I have struggled over it?" "Yes; it shows the struggle," endeavoring to put in the answer a sym-

"Do you think so? I don't think so at all," Mahlstick replies with feeling, but then takes heart, and waving his hand at the wor , standing and hunging about him a ds proudly: "Yes; they all show struggle!"-New

York Evening Sun.

Wonderful Ballroad.

When the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg was opened it inspired great terror in the breasts of the superstitious peasantry, who thought there must be some witchcraft in an invention which could make a train of heavy cars run along without horses at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Some of them would not go in sight of a train. Others took timid peeps at the smoke breathing creature, which they believed to be alive and ready to devour whatever came in its way. When the whishungry; he's screaming for somebody to

By degrees, however, their terror wore away, and following the example of the village priests the pensants began to try the "emoke wagons," though with fear and frembling. The experstition had gone, but the mystery still remained.

One day an old man who had never been away from his own village determined to take a look at "Mother Moscow," which is regarded by all the Russian peasantry as the most wonderful

The down express and the up express met at Bologoe-half way between St. Petersburg and Moscow-and the pasbrought down as low as he was by Lord | congers of both trains were allowed half only knows what. But a true sensies an hour for supper. Among the people | lar.-Exchange

man, an I know the right kind when I who alighted from the office truth the id peasant recognized a friend whom be had not seen for a long time.

They had a delightful chat together over their tee in the restaurant, and then without any thought of what he was doing the old peasant boarded his friend's train instead of his own.

The talk was very merry for some time, but at last the old man became grave and silent, and appeared to be puzzling deeply over something. At last

he broke out "Ah, Ivan, what a wonderful thing are these railroads! Here we sit in the same car, I going to Moscow and you to St. Petersburg!"-Youth's Companion.



Tommy and Johnny have been disobedient to their mother; they are sent to

bed pending their father's arrival. Johnny (who hears him coming up stairs)-I say, Tommy, here comes dad. I shall pretend to be asleep.

Tommy—I shan't. I shall get up and

Marriage is always a serious business, but not infrequently it has ludicrous accompaniments. An English paper relates that a widower no longer young gave the clergyman who officiated at his second marriage a good deal of trouble by his stupidity. He seemed to be pos-

When told to give his right hand he gave his left. When the minister said, "Say this after me," he immediately replied, "Say this after me." Then, when the words he was to repeat were given to him he was stolidly stlent.

At last he seemed to be aware that the minister was somewhat disturbed, and in the middle of the service be upset the reverend gentleman's gravity by volunteering this apology:

married afore that you must excuse my forgetting these things."-Youth's Companion.

Their Names

A Savannah paper tells of a physician

asked the woman. "That one, sah, is Lake Geneval " said the woman, pointing to her younger child, "and that one, sah, am Lake Su-

"Where did you get such names" asked the doctor in amazement. "From a book, sah," answered the

Beauty versus Wealth.

"I would rather be rich," said the other.

"Why would you? Beauty is more

The Last Straw.

Willowsnap Why so dejected, old

Racksway-I've just had to spend a lot of money on my wife's clothes. Willowsnap-But you haven't been married three months, and she certainly

had a magnificent trousseau. Racksway-I know it. But she had to have two of her gowns retrimmed.-

Obeying Instructions. Officer Zermlomoski (who has come to

It is often difficult, when opinion is the Bilkins' residence from the scene of a painful accident)-Is this Mrs. Bilkins, Mrs. Bilkins-Yes.

break it to you gently, mum.-Chicago

Mr. Billus (at bedtime)-Maria, & morrow will be Mand's birthday. I have got a present for her, and I want her to

Mrs. Billus-What on earth is a mas good for anyhow! Give it to me, John. After she is asleep I'll bang it in front of her mirror. - Chicago Tribune.

A Clever Expedient. Mr Drevel Phlats - Ave you the officer on the best most my boused

Officer Sturnings-Yis, ser. Mr. Dreze Phlats Would von mind standing near our kitchen entrance next Saturday afternoon for a few minutes? We're having some trouble in getting a girl, and I want the one who comes hat urday to have every possible inducement

Newsboy-Swipery, you cet to be

People ketch diseases from money. Bootblack (taking his coins out of his mouth and counting them)-Two, three, eight, ten, 'leven, sixteen-shine, mister' seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twentyfour. Ef Jay Gould kin chance it. Shorty, I reck's I kin.-Chicago Trib-

A Genuine Artists

It. I met the editor this merning. Dicker - What she he say?

Ticker-Nothing: just burrowed a dol-

put something on .- Comic Cuts.

At the Alter.

sessed by some spirit of contrariety.

"You see, sir, it's so long since I was

of that city who was recently called to prescribe for an old negro woman. After ascertaining her symptoms and assuring her that her fears of instant death were baseless, he turned his attention to her children-two rollicking pickaniunies, who were having a tussle on the floor. "What's the name of your boys?" he

woman .- New York Tribune.

said one girl.

powerful than riches." "Not much it isn't. No matter how beautiful you were, there would be plenty of women to say that you were 2:30 p. m. there was a lull, the velocity | not half as pretty as you thought you decreasing to the rate of 43 miles an | were, but if you could show the cold cash, with its attendant fine houses, fine turnouts, fine clothes, fine jewelry and the rate of 121.2 miles per hour, but it all the rest of it, and was homely, every woman you knew would think you were

Free Press.

Officer Zermlomoski-Well, Pre been sent to tell you that your husband's head has been bruk in, mum, and Pm to

News-Record.

see it the first thing in the morning. Shall I put it on her breakfast plate?

to stay .- Chicago News Record.

more keerful how you handle money.

Dicker-What do you think of that tight money article in The Wall Street Fineral Tinker-I guess there is something in